

Unsubstantiated Rumors...

Against Me!

Well do you wanna talk about it,
Do you think you'd understand,
How things can get so fucked up
with such good, such good intentions.

And if, if roofs turn to sky,
Held by the gravity of nothing,
An ironic and literal making of a bed.

You know, you can walk away,
But there is a reason to stay.

They make bad, bad jokes, it's okay not to laugh.
For every push forward, you get the same fucking push back.

You had, you had nowhere to go,
so you, so you found someplace,
you had, you had nothing to say
you start lying

What the fuck were you thinking
I'm not sorry
I'd do it all again.

All the lines between hate, love, and revenge
it's just dead, it's dead, it's dead, they're just dead feelings.

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